

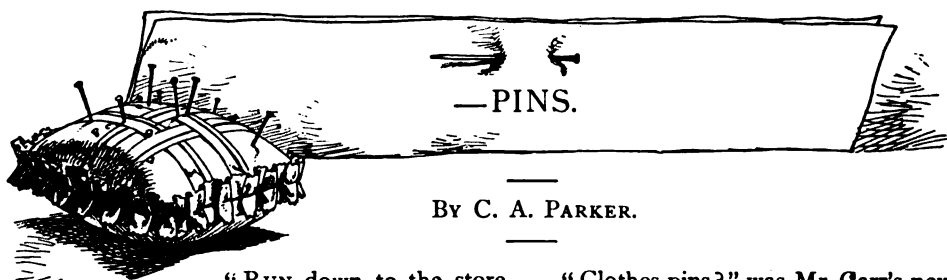
down High street in a daze. With hard men bitter blows strike doubly deep. He stopped before the guildhall school. The clock struck five; each iron clang seemed beating upon his heart. He raised his hand as if to shut the clangor out, and then his face grew stern and hard. "He hath gone his own wilful way," said he bitterly. "Let him follow it to the end."

Mistress Attwood came to meet him, running in the garden-path. "Nicholas?" was all that she could say. "Never speak to me of him

again," he said, and passed her by into the house. "He hath gone away with a pack of stage-playing rascals and vagabonds, whither no man knoweth."

Taking the heavy Bible down from the shelf, he lit a rushlight at the fire, although it was still broad daylight, and sat there with the great book open in his lap until the sun went down and the chill night wind crept in along the floor, yet he could not read a single word and never turned a page.

(To be continued.)



"Run down to the store, Susie dear, and get me two dozen clothes-pins, please," said Mrs. Wynn, one morning. "Go just as quickly as you can. I am in a great hurry."

Susie put down her doll, and rose rather unwillingly.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself. "I wish I did n't have to go! It's so far, and Dorothea needs her new dress this very afternoon!"

But just then she caught sight of Lou Arnold going by. Lou lived near the store.

Susie seized her hat, and rushed out of the door.

"Lou, w-a-i-t!" she screamed; and in a few moments the two little girls were hurrying along together, chattering like a pair of magpies.

The way did n't seem at all long; but when Susie had bidden Lou good-by and stepped into the store, and Mr. Carr inquired what she wanted, she did n't know.

"It was some sort of pins," she said; "but I don't think it was just the common kind. They had a first name, I'm sure."

"Hair-pins?" suggested Mr. Carr.

"Oh, yes; I guess it was. No; I don't b'lieve it was hair-pins, either."

"Clothes-pins?" was Mr. Carr's next inquiry.

"Let me see. Maybe that was what mama said. I don't quite think it was, though."

"Can't you remember whether she said a box, or a paper, or so many dozen?" he asked.

"No; I can't remember anything but just *pins*," she replied, mournfully.

"Well, then, I'm afraid you will have to go home and find out what is wanted, won't you?" said Mr. Carr.

"I s'pose so," sighed the little girl; "but mama is in a norful hurry. I think prob'ly she'll scold. She says I'm dre'ful careless."

Mr. Carr thought a minute. He and Susie were great friends, and he did n't wish her to be scolded — even if she was rather careless. He was sorry to have Mrs. Wynn annoyed by the delay, too; so, as Susie started dejectedly for the door, he called her back.

"Wait," he said; "we'll try to manage this affair."

He put some clothes-pins into a bag, then he took a paper of common pins, and one of safety-pins, two hat-pins, and a box of hair-pins, and wrapped them up.

Then he wrote a little note, which ran :

MY DEAR MRS. WYNN : Susie says you are "in a norful hurry" for some kind of pins, but she has forgotten just what kind; so, to save time, I send you a variety to choose from, hoping the right sort may be among them.

I do not have ten-pins or lynch-pins, and will not send a breast-pin or rolling-pin, as Susie is sure of just one thing, and that is that you said "pins."

Yours very respectfully, J. F. CARR.

"And here, miss," he said, severely, "take this to help your memory"; and he handed her a stick of candy.

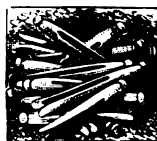
Susie's face beamed with joy and she thanked him heartily as she ran off with her parcels.

"What in the world —!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynn when she unrolled the paper.

"Here 's a letter that tells about it," said Susie hastily, handing her mother the note.

Mrs. Wynn laughed as she read it, at which the little girl looked greatly relieved.

"I 'll remember next time, mama," she said, nodding her head wisely; "truly I will."



COUSIN ANITA'S SURPRISE.

BY ELEANOR ROOT.

DOÑA SOFIA LAURA MICAELA SILVA DE PERALTA DE LA CORDOBA DE SANCHEZ É YBARRA DE ESCOBEDA had never seen any snow before. In the sunny land where she was born, the roses bloomed their sweetest in mid-winter, and the nearest approach to a snow-bank had been the hedge of great, white callas in the back-yard. Therefore when she saw myriads of downy flakes fluttering from the sky in the new, strange land which she now called home, her wonder and delight knew no bounds.

"Oh, mama," she cried, running to the window, "I want to get some!" But her mama only shook her head, and said it was too cold to go outdoors.

The little girl stood contentedly a long, long time watching the fairy, winged things. She did not notice when her mama left the room; but, at last, turning to speak to her, found herself alone. Presently a thought struck her. Yes, she would do it! She glanced around. There was no one in sight.

Seizing her pail, which she had so often filled with sand on the shores of the far-away Pacific, she opened the door and ran out. Scurrying across the yard to where a drift gleamed white and cold in the morning sun, she scooped up a bucketful of the shining crystals and hurried

back into the house. The journey was repeated again and again.

Her dolls had all been dressed and redressed, and the box of pretty bits of ribbons and laces, which grandma had given her for the numerous family, had been looked over again and again, but still she was not happy. Her throat felt queer,—and her heart, too, when she thought of how she had disobeyed her mama — her good, kind mama! Oh, why had she not waited?

After dinner, she crept softly upstairs. Her mama stood in the south room, motionless, her looks betokening the utmost amazement. On the pretty, light carpet, all around, were stains as of a recent flood; and from some limp, dejected-looking pasteboard boxes on the dresser drops of grayish water were oozing.

The little girl stood breathless for a moment; then she ran across the room to a trunk which stood in the corner. It was empty.

"Mama, mama!" she cried in dismay, the tears starting to her eyes as she gazed from the empty trunk to the scene of desolation about her. "It was to be a lovely birthday surprise for Cousin Anita — and now it 's all gone!"

And little Doña Sofia Laura Micaela Silva de Peralta de la Cordoba de Sanchez É Ybarra de Escobeda sobbed afresh.